

# **Nest/Nesting**

A Creative Odyssey  
By Shasta Sovereign  
October 2024



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Dear Reader:

Nesting. Brings up different things to different people.

For many, it is something animals make when they hatch their young. Others may humanize it and say that nests can be extended to human homes. Nesting can also be when females prepare their surroundings as they get ready to deliver their babies.

We hope you nest well this year and we look forward to your nesting stories.

In Inspiration,

Shasta Sovereign



Hiraeth- definition: homesickness for a place you've been

By AJ



Reading Nook

By AJ







## Nesting

By Alyssa

Nesting: Pregnant women's tendency to organize: The tendency of pregnant women to arrange their surroundings to feel comfortable, secure, or in control. This can include finishing projects or gathering baby essentials.

When I think of nesting the first thing that comes to mind is how to make a space feel like a home. The phrase "There's no place like home", applies. Human beings are adaptive creatures, we can make any place feel like home. I shared a 200 square-foot living room converted into a bedroom with my 2 children, and made sure we each had our own little space. A home is where we spend the majority of our time, a home is where we're supposed to feel our best. A place where we can unwind and relax, a safe space. I'm not a professional when it comes to feng shui, but the idea is to bring positivity, and calming energies into one's home, and that is the kind of mentality I strive to keep when it comes to nesting and my living space regardless of size.

\* \* \*

*Shasta Sovereign's question: If/when you were pregnant, how did you organize your home?*



## Goodies

By Angel



I have just been baking. My grandchild came here to stay with us. The cupcakes are made from scratch and I made them for my husband's work for his birthday. The cake is sugar-free and I put milk instead of water, 4 eggs instead of 3, and butter instead of oil. I added sugar free or lower sugar frosting (Truvia sugar). The kids like the pineapple upside cake with shredded pineapple in it with the sugar-free cake mix.

\* \* \*

*Shasta Sovereign's question: What do you like to bake for your kiddos.*

**To my babies**

By Anonymous

To my children.  
I want you to know how much I love you  
And how sweet you are.  
I'm sorry for letting you down.  
I'm sorry for ruining our family.  
I miss you terribly every day.  
No matter whatever happens,  
Just know that I will always believe in you  
And love you more than anything in the world.  
I'm so proud of you guys  
And I love who you are becoming.  
I will always be there for you  
If you want me to be.  
I will always cherish you and our memories.  
You will always be my world.  
Life gets difficult at times.  
Just remember to be good to yourselves  
And be good to each other.  
Family is everything.  
I'm sorry I ruined our family.  
I will always love you and miss you guys.  
And I cherish every moment with you guys.  
I hope we can still have many DADVENTURES together.  
Just remember to make good choices  
And treat others like you want to be treated.  
I will love you always and forever,  
To the moon and back  
❤️.  
Don't forget that.

Love Dad...

\*       \*       \*

*Shasta Sovereign's question: Any things you would want to share with your kids?*



## **Nesting is part of life**

By Babygirl

Nesting is part of life  
Every human woman goes through nesting  
When they become pregnant  
Right before they have their babies  
So they get everything super clean  
Make sure everything is all clean and ready  
For the baby.  
Even animals clean and get ready for the baby.  
It's pretty cool  
Every human to  
Every female  
Goes through this.



## Limitless

By Berrick



This was drawn first, then transferred to cloth. Writing is ancient runes for “limitless”

\* \* \*

*Shasta Sovereign’s question: What would “limitless” look like to you?*



## The Divine Cycle

By Big Bang

Whirling, tumbling, swooping—  
Cartwheeling around each other  
Screeching, shrieking, keening  
Divinely driven to mate—  
Black wings snatching the wind,  
Talons locking, falling,  
plummeting, obsessed  
Frenzied, ferocious love  
fusing two beings into one  
cleaving the sky  
Shattering it, themselves, into infinite  
shards

Untangling, seconds before crashing to  
Solid earth, and then

Gathering tree limbs, large and small  
Broken sticks from the ground  
Sweet grass, moss and lichen

Nest building  
Lined with broken twigs, shredded grasses  
Downy feathers  
Plucked from their breasts

Preparing for  
New life, preparing for  
The Divine Cycle  
Of ferocious love

\*   \*   \*

*Shasta Sovereign's question: What does the Divine Cycle look like for you?*



**But not this day.....**

By Brit

Since Mom's passing 5 years ago, daily facetime with my Dad was a special time for sharing, guidance, laughter, deep conversations about life, and being a long distance caregiver, nurse, and daughter, allowed a visual monitoring of health, social support, and mobility.

But not this day...

Dad was excessively tired, not eating, somewhat incoherent, and a neighbor was making tea, as Dad had fallen. Distraught, I longed to make everything OK as before.

But not this day...

My nurse persona took over, I boarded a flight for England to learn upon landing Dad had fallen again, and I was desperate to see him at the house in the English countryside.

But not this day...

In the ER I did not recognize Dad, confused, gaunt, and septic, I met with the wonderful medical team, and a plan began to take place for return home. Assured all was stable, I kissed Dad goodnight to get some jet lag rest, his bright blue eyes staring at me over the white sheets, we kissed and said we loved each other, and I would see him in the early morning.

But not this day...

A cherished neighbor in a nightgown awoke me at midnight with a doctor's call to speak about Dad. The same neighbor who made Dad tea, made me some, I dressed, called a taxi and I prayed that while very serious, all could be eventually resolved.

But not this day...

On this day...

I held Dad's hand for a couple of hours after his passing, and while sharing memories, I asked him what I do now; the organized, prepared nurse and caregiver crumpled into a helpless daughter now orphaned. The minister and I prayed over Dad, and it all felt so unreal.

On this day...

In the dark of morning, I taxied back to Dad's empty house to make calls, to process, I went into task mode, cleaning, arranging, and taking pride in Mom and Dad's house. Did I do enough to take care of Dad, did I miss clinical signs, why did I live so far away, why did I not see him on all the Holidays? Guilt set in.

On this day...



Alone in my loss for 2 weeks, I experienced an unexpected sense of peace, I am assured it was Dad and God helping and guiding me through each day. My dear husband listened to me cry and process and neighbors near and far rallied around me. Relatives barely heard from, although in my heart, now we promise to be connected forever.

On this day...

Photos, books, and home treasures elicit memories, but do not replace the lost connection to a phone that is no longer answered, a facetime that is silent, and hugs are no more. Who am I now England holds no parental connection to my roots, who boosts my self-esteem, praises, educates, and knows me from birth? Which are the best plants to grow, what is the best decision? Dad was my sounding board and never steered me wrong. Will I have lost England and never return?

On this day...

Tears come and go, sadness remains, however my heritage and upbringing give me strength as do my husband, children and grandchildren, as I am a wife, mother and grandmother; all these roles are a privilege as Dad and Mom taught me. While the phone is silent, I talk to Dad in prayer, asking for his constant advocacy and guidance. I visualize Mom and Dad now together, where there is no pain or sadness.

On this day...

Dad is happy again with Mom whom he so missed, after the Lord called him home. I cherish all the love, joy, and support they gave me. I know they will be with me as my new journey begins.....

\* \* \*

*Shasta Sovereign's question: How do you help someone who is hurting and is about to transition?*

### **A New "News"... A New Beginning**

By Brit

My family home was always safe, warm, smelled of Mom's fresh baking, and was a kind embrace welcoming family, neighbors, friends, church members, tradesman, and anyone who wished to cross the welcome mat.

Love made any future houses homes; and such extended to all who entered, family gathered, and gardens brimmed with Dad's plants and trees, a haven for birds, hedgehogs, squirrels is where I learned to love the earth, how life grows, and such became one with quietness and calm for all who sat on the sun-drenched bench.



I left our family “nest” at 17 but always knew it was still my safe, warm haven and I continued the traditions into my early homes, where children too were sung lullaby’s, cooking filled the air, and where cheerleaders, girl scouts, neighbors, and church members were welcomed.

We guided our children into adulthood across several houses we made homes. College, work, and marriage meant children had spread their wings, and flew from our “nest”, some returning temporarily however now permanently with their families and relationships in their homes.

Blessed with career choices, new locations, some near some far from family, we enjoyed real estate to buy, rent, invest, and some houses were turned into homes.....yet family met less, and while the “nest” was not empty, such became more of a junction or bridge to the next move, location and work.

Get-togethers became far less, neighbors never really known, so the welcome mat was for special occasions such as Halloween trick or treaters, even though the house was decorated for the seasons, the seasons held less activity, less familiar faces, and grandchildren’s activities rarely seen except on video or text. The childlike remembrance of baking and the smell of cooking became a usual hurried meal after work. Treats and family recipes would wait for a family visit, so they were usually read, remembered, filed, and forgotten.

The “nest” was a home because it was where my husband and I were together; not because it was exactly where or what we wanted, but what was right at the time. Balancing a career could only be achieved with the support of my loving husband, emotionally, spiritually, and physically; and my parents who knew of my passion and followed my career with pride.

We adapted, working hard in the career, on the house, and usually the “nest” lasted for about 2 years...and then we were off again.... We improved our homes, lovingly tended newly planted gardens, cleaned, and worked, and while not really thinking about our forever home, we knew it would be one of solitude, peace, calm, and hopefully closer to most families.

Now we have our retirement “nest”, it is not an interim home, and is calm, slow paced, and closer to most families. We marvel as we glimpse the foxes on our deck in the late evening and at night as they pass by the barn cats on their merry way. We are Blessed to have our deer show us their babies and throughout each day grace us with their presence, grazing, frolicking, curious, and now at ease with our presence, stay awhile and are not afraid.

We welcome and await each new passage of migrating birds that signal the start of each season, as others have carefully built their nest and nurtured fledglings we watched from afar. We watch baby squirrels being carried in momma’s mouth so gently as to be moved away from prey for protection and hidden in a safe space.

Corporate life is over, the nurse of 49 years is merely consulting, cleaning, and remodeling ideas for our cabin fills my mind. Recipes are made by our children for their families, mine are



occasionally read, yet not made. We never had the “empty nest” syndrome so many speak of, so why is this long sought after “nest” different?

Our forever “nest” is different than any home we have ever lived in, as it now signals another era in life. We are now the elders, parents have passed, and retirement is time to do the things we wished to do before but had no time. Now we have time, yet family members do not. The fast-paced nursing career is halted and so am I still a nurse...I believe so, however what is my value now, have I, and will I continue to make a difference? Real estate and relocation adventures are behind us.

I believed I would be the one welcoming family, creating the inviting waft of hot apple pie and stove made milk coffee. I now realize this is not to be and I need to refocus my energy, talents, and align with the new generations of our children and grandchildren, who desire, behave, wish, create, and interact differently than us and from how I remember I thought this time would be. I need to reconcile.....

Love and God resides in our “nest;” my husband and I are Blessed with all we share and receive in life. Adjustment for me will be like an adventure. Realizing while my memories of long ago were wished into expectations, such are mine to keep and enhance, but not necessarily adopted by others. Our “nest is not empty,” it awaits a new beginning.....

\* \* \*

*Shasta Sovereign’s question: How do you envision nesting when retiring?*



## Crocheted goodies

By DDbinks







By Mia  
Dunsmuir High School



In my art work I show a baby bird falling from it's nest. It represents life, and how fast it can be over with one curiosity, everything can be over. All it takes is one wrong move. Also, through this art I want it to show perseverance. All the baby bird needs to do is flap it's wings, but if it waits too long for what it wants, it's life is over before he knows it. It also shows what is "beyond one's bubble." In the image it's "bubble" is the tree, the bird knows nothing beyond that tree, yet there is a whole world waiting for him. Full of things to make the bird happy. Just like beyond our bubbles we put up for ourselves, there is much more to be seen and experienced. This is called, "Fate."





By Emma  
Dunsmuir High School



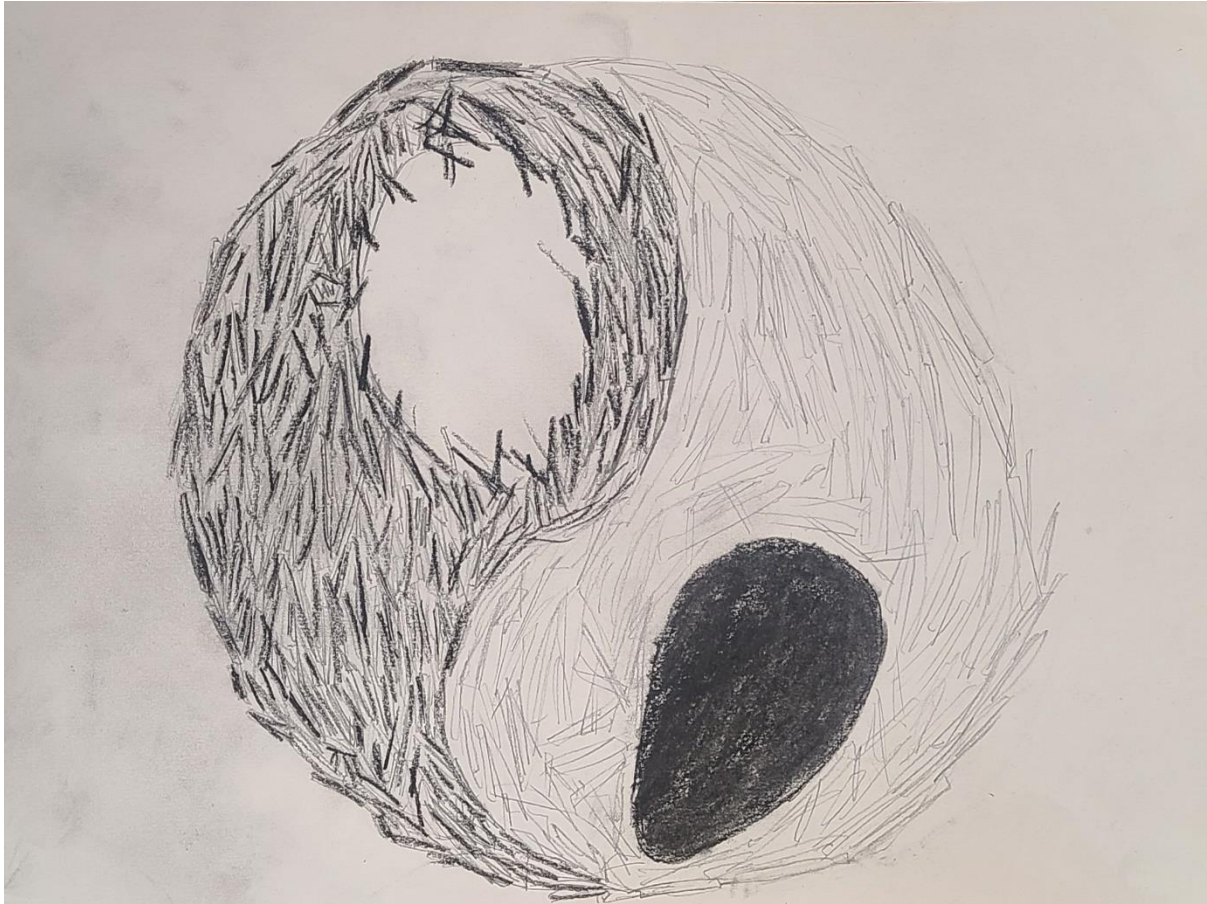
Even a monster can be a mother on her throne of gold.



## In Spite of the Sparrow

By Aden

Dunsmuir High School



The sparrow lays two eggs. One it loves and cares for, the other is left with scraps. The unloved egg is hateful, the loved pure. However, the neglect of the black egg causes it to corrupt the dear sparrow's egg. In spite of the good in the sparrow, the black egg takes the white egg's freedom. The sparrow loses both eggs.





By Cynneca  
Dunsmuir High School



Nesting is home. Place of security and comfort. Same as a home to humans.

**Small Town America**

By Erika Rae

This place I lay my head at night,  
Never feels quite like home  
And right outside my window,  
Lost and hopeless people roam.  
This place is cold and dreary,  
And the energy that fills the air is eerie.  
Each passing day,  
Dark energies surround me,  
And the evil acts of people here  
Honestly astound me.  
I can't escape it  
Seems because no matter where I go,  
Toxic people and their bullshit  
Overwhelm my life  
And try to drown me.  
I try my best to stay in the light  
But regretfully,  
The darkness ALWAYS finds me.

\*       \*       \*

**Nest**

By Grace

There was a female bird, she was trying to find a mate.  
The female bird watched all the male birds clean out their nest.  
The female bird gets to pick the cleanest nest the males make.  
The female is ready for her mate.  
The female checks their nest and picks the cleanest one.  
Then they have eggs and have a happy family.

\* \* \*



## The Man who saved me

By Greeneyed Mystery

In my darkest times when my soul was black and unable to see the light , you brought the light.

When my heart was broken into a million piece you picked up each one with care and put them back together

At times I hated who I was but you were patient and allowed me to find love in myself again.

Everyday you loved me harder then the day before and showed me I was worth loving

When I thought I was never good enough for this world you showed me I'm too good for this world.

The man who saved me, the man who makes me whole, the man who saved me is you!

\* \* \*

*Shasta Sovereign's question: Have you been saved by anyone? What was it like?*





## An Extraordinary Hatch

By Gus



This mommy birdie was a very special rare kind of birdie that laid some rare eggs. They hatched into some rare birdies that are really colorful. Someone might see these rare special little birdies and take a picture of them. That person might show the picture to the museum. Lots of people will wonder how those little birdies got all those beautiful colors!





## Video Game Concept

By Gus



\* \* \*

## Chinese Paper Lantern

By Gus



\*characters copied off a bottle of wasabi

**Nesting**

By Helen

I never really had a stable home  
My Mother was in and out of Rehab  
So we couldn't live with her.  
My grandmother took us in for a few years  
I got married when I was 18  
But came to learn that I did it for the wrong reasons.  
I just wanted a stable place to live  
And was tired of moving around all the time.  
I was finally lucky enough to meet the right person  
And have been with him for 33 years.



## Bed Nest

By Jadee







## Metal animals

By James



A wonderful scorpion and praying mantis made of metal by our friend James



## Nesting: A Child's Perspective

By Katie

Nesting. My first thought about nesting was when I was pregnant and ran around my house like a chicken with no head, getting my nest ready for my new baby. When I thought about it deeper, I went back to my own childhood, thinking about how our nest was never cozy, warm, or made me feel like I was in the spot I should have been. In my own experience, as I remember my childhood, there was filth, cigarette-filled air, many people always coming and going, and it never felt like my safe haven. My safe haven as an adult, is a nice clean tidy home, warm inside, smells good, full cupboards, and my children running through it experiencing their own childhood. I think about what my children will envision their "childhood nest" to have been like when they're grown. Will they think "mom did her best to keep our home cozy and clean, I appreciated that" or will they think "mom was a freak about how she liked the house, I will never be that parent!" If they saw what my childhood home(s) looked like, they may understand. But I guess I could take that in any direction, maybe if I saw my mom's childhood home, I'd understand more why I was raised the way I was. And maybe my kids will turn out a certain way because of how their childhood home affected them - whether it was positive or negative for them. At the end of the day, I do hope they know my intentions were always pure and my own feelings and issues never bleed out onto their childhoods. That the nest I created for us, was in a way, healing my inner child, and in that I believed is what would make a perfect childhood for them as well.

\* \* \*





## The Nest

By Kelly

When I think of the word Nest, I think of a warm, safe and trusting place.  
Especially for a bird have its eggs and young made up of many materials  
Like twigs, mud and feathers.  
It's a safe place.

I remember very vividly one occasion when I was visiting my dad in NH.  
We went out for lunch to an outside cafe downtown Portsmouth, NH.  
Walkers walking by all of a sudden let out sighs,  
Different noises/reactions and different facial expressions.  
We didn't know what was going on!  
All of a sudden, we looked up to see what they were all looking at  
And it was a nest with a mom and her baby ones.  
It was really sad because something knocked over the nest from above –  
I don't remember if it was the wind or what, but the mother was freaking out  
Because her little ones fell out of the nest and dropped to the pavement.  
She was flapping her wings like she was in a panic.  
It was very sad to see this.  
My dad told me not to say anything about it to Ann when we got home (my step-mom).  
She's really into nature. It happened so fast.  
The thing I learned from that, was that it really made you think deeper  
About things and how the mother must have felt –  
Animals have feelings also.

A nest to me also is like a sanctuary.  
When I feel worried, stressed out from things on the outside,  
I feel safe at home.  
Sometimes I get tired of disappointment after disappointment  
And just want to stay at home  
And don't want to go out there and deal with things or try anymore.  
It can also have a negative impact though too.  
The more you stay in this safe place, it can also make you think too much  
And get depressed about things.  
Mediocrity is the key.  
It's nice to know you have somewhere to go,  
But not to get too isolated.  
If your own nest is gone or got lost somehow,  
You would feel like the mother bird did.  
Very lost, confused and anxious,  
And not sure where to go.



## Nesting

By Kelly

When I think of nesting I think of the time  
I was getting ready for my second daughter's arrival.  
We were in our 3 bedroom 1 bath house  
And I went through everything while being 39 weeks pregnant.  
I sorted through clothes, made finishing touches in my newborns room,  
Swept, mopped, vacuumed, wiped things down.  
All meanwhile, my mother in law was looking at me  
Like I was insane.  
She tried helping,  
But soon gave up  
Because she knew I was nesting.  
It wasn't until the next morning  
When I couldn't move fast out of bed  
That I realized I was preparing for my daughter's arrival.  
I gave birth a few days after that.

\* \* \*



**Nest**

By Kinoko

Osprey flying south  
River nest, empty once more  
Till spring comes again



## Thoughts

By Malachi

The following are a few pictures taken by phone to relate to idea of nesting.





1. A hawk feather I found on a recent walk
2. Cowboy resting his hand-fluffed nest of memory foam and down comforter
3. Cowboy collecting contents for his nest
4. I have settled into a comfortable groove here, and have recently moved into a new apartment which is peaceful and quiet... a juxtaposition to the chaos and racket that accompanied my state of ill mental health. This fall and winter I will have the opportunity to do a little nesting in my own personal sanctuary, one that I have diligently worked towards over the past few years. Welcome to ShangriLa.

\* \* \*

*Shasta Sovereign's question: Share photo's from your daily life. And from your ShangriLa.*





## Nesting

By Mara

Nesting...  
Pushing, pulling, prodding and poking  
Off bits to fill holes in your heart  
Until ready to move in,  
And on again



\* \* \*

## Feeling Good

By Mara







## Shasta Shadow

By Mara



Break of Dawn throws the shadow of the mountain to the West



## Fall Pumpkin Birds Nest

By Marilyn



Miniature pumpkin with pine needle nestled in, and skittles eggs



## The Nest

By Markus

I am not sure what kind of birds they are..

One day the little birds were flying around our yard  
And we kept noticing these little mud beads.  
We all kept wondering where they were coming from as well.  
We left to go and visit family for a few days  
And I guess that was all the time these little birds needed.  
By the time we had gotten back from visiting,  
We had a nest on our porch...  
And to our surprise, within a couple of weeks  
There were little baby birds.  
We would see the momma bird and the daddy bird  
Out on the power lines  
Keeping an eye on the nest all the time.  
It was something neat to watch happen  
Right out our front door.



\* \* \*

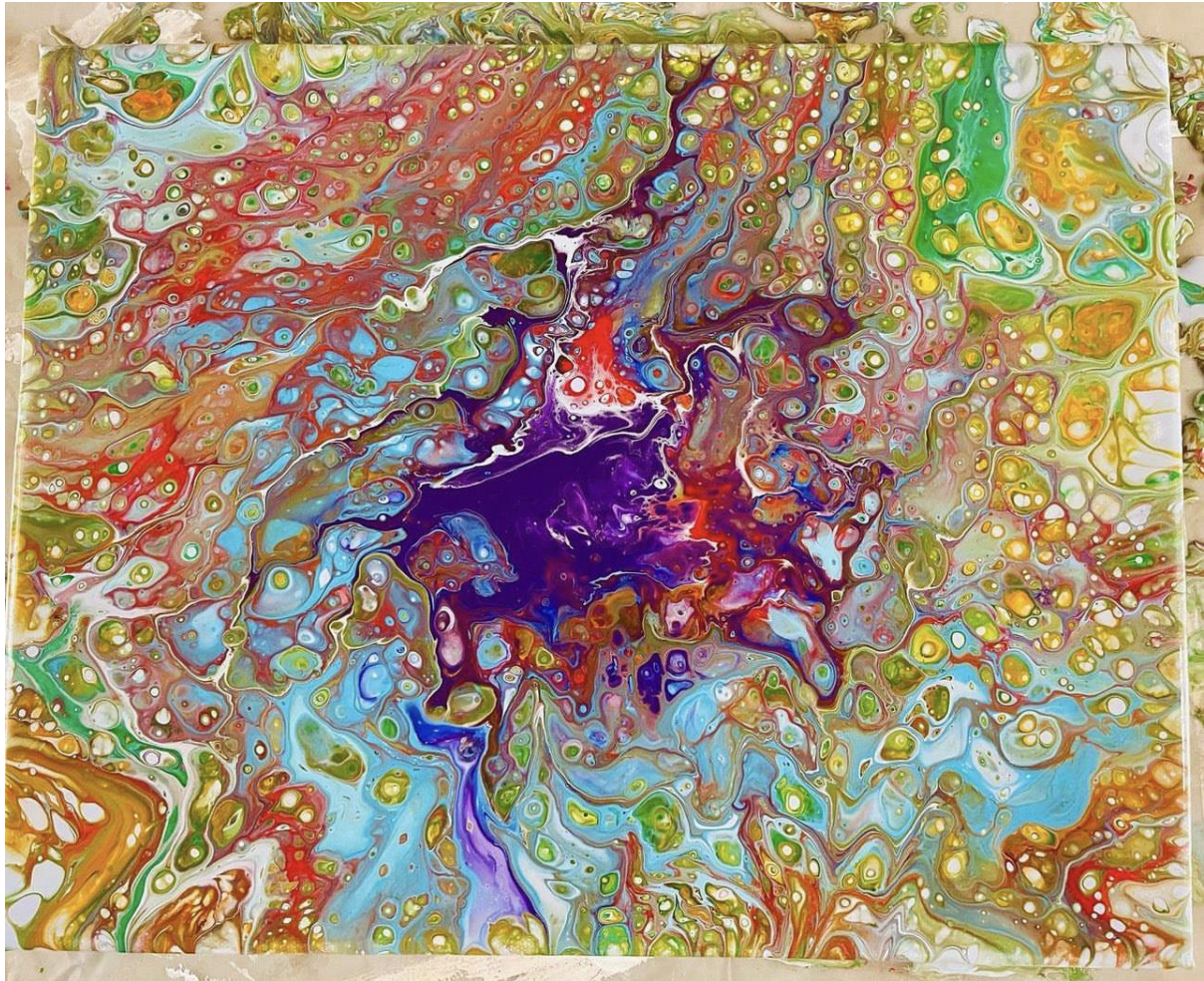
*Shasta Sovereign's question: Have you seen any cool nests near your home?*





## Liquid Rainbow

By Megan



Newly married 🥰❤️! Nesting has been a new fun but also at times overwhelming experience because you don't really realize until you move in together how much stuff you can collect in your single life not for me as the wife but for my husband too. learning to organize mine and my husbands things in a small space from living in a moderately sized house growing up has been a huge adjustment for the both of us, but we have worked hard and now we have ourselves our cute little home

*\*Acrylic paint*



**Moon Shadow**

By Montana

Bound, broken and tied

Wombs and thorns died

A spiral pyre knots the loss

Tied among molded rot

Heavy panting, -furls

Wanton milk, -pearls

Hands entwine to meat,

Peace

\*       \*       \*





## Nest of Things

By Ms Kim

At the beginning of this month the word “nest” instantly became a “thing”  
On my to-do lists to cross off.  
With the early cold weather approaching  
The rush to get ready for winter  
Left behind worries of not having enough time.  
The problem with to-do lists is knowing when to start  
And when to make a new list.  
Worrying about the little things can drown out the possibility  
For a new outcome.  
Keeping a box for one more winter  
Are long excuses that no longer create organization.

By the end of this month the task has become less daunting.  
I breathe and remind myself to take things one day at a time,  
And one box at a time.  
Allowing me to change perspectives on what matters most.  
Time has taught me how to live in the present moment with family.  
My patience, dedication and self-discipline  
Has been key to fighting my habits.  
Unravelling every box will take time  
But introducing lifestyle has been novel and exciting.

\* \* \*

*Shasta Sovereign’s question: What do you want to do around your home to make it a nest?*



## I have had a lot of time on my hands

By Rockstar

I'm a recovering alcoholic  
Almost 26 years sober.  
So I can find a way to make something  
And turn it into anything.  
And it helps my sobriety.  
A friend gave me a large shell  
With grass in it.  
Reminded me of a nest,  
So I turned it into a nest  
With a momma bird and baby bird.  
It's fragile enough to keep in the house,  
I hope others find it  
As beautiful as I do.





## Nesting

By Sheri

Nesting.

I think everyone

To some point,

Nest, including some or most animals.

Women do it before and during pregnancy.

Animals also do nesting when they're pregnant or preparing for babies.

Nesting can also not be about pregnancy.

It can be when a child or children grow up and start to leave the nest.

Some parents have great struggles when children leave the home.

Either for jobs or college.

To begin families of their own.

Single parents can have different reactions to the last child leaving

It can also represent their time to relive their lives

Without having that responsibility on a daily basis.

Getting to know yourself or a spouse

This can be tricky for some families.

Nesting can be change in the season.

Going from hot to cold.

Finding extra blankets

Getting furnaces fired up, making sure they work.

I totally dislike getting ready

And sometimes things need maintenance or don't work.

Weather can change quickly but you may not realize it

By all the little things you're get ready for.

Nesting.

It can be a difficult task or process

Depending on what kind of nesting you're in.

It can be caused from a family disaster or a divorce

Learning to deal with changes can cause you to be

Overwhelmed and stressed.

In most cases or instances,

Nesting requires some form of control

Over how much time you need to get to a comfortable place.

I think it's totally natural for us to nest

But it can also bind you into a position

Where you might find too much security in your nest s

So don't stay there too long.

Watch out for depression setting in.

Wander outside of your comfort zone

You can always go back.

Find love within yourself

And stay warm and comfortable.



## Old Man Boo Kitty and the Man in the Moon

By Spilly the Always Reinventive Gypsy



I rescued Boo Kitty in Cincinnati, OH when he was about 5 months old, and now after moving from there to North Carolina and then to California he's 19 and half years old and still going pretty strong. He's a tough tough Guy and the other cats respect him, especially being at one point he used to kick their booties Ha Ha. We'll Miss him dearly when the time comes though, when he takes his final trip over the rainbow, but until then he's Our Old Man Boo Kitty and we Love Him.

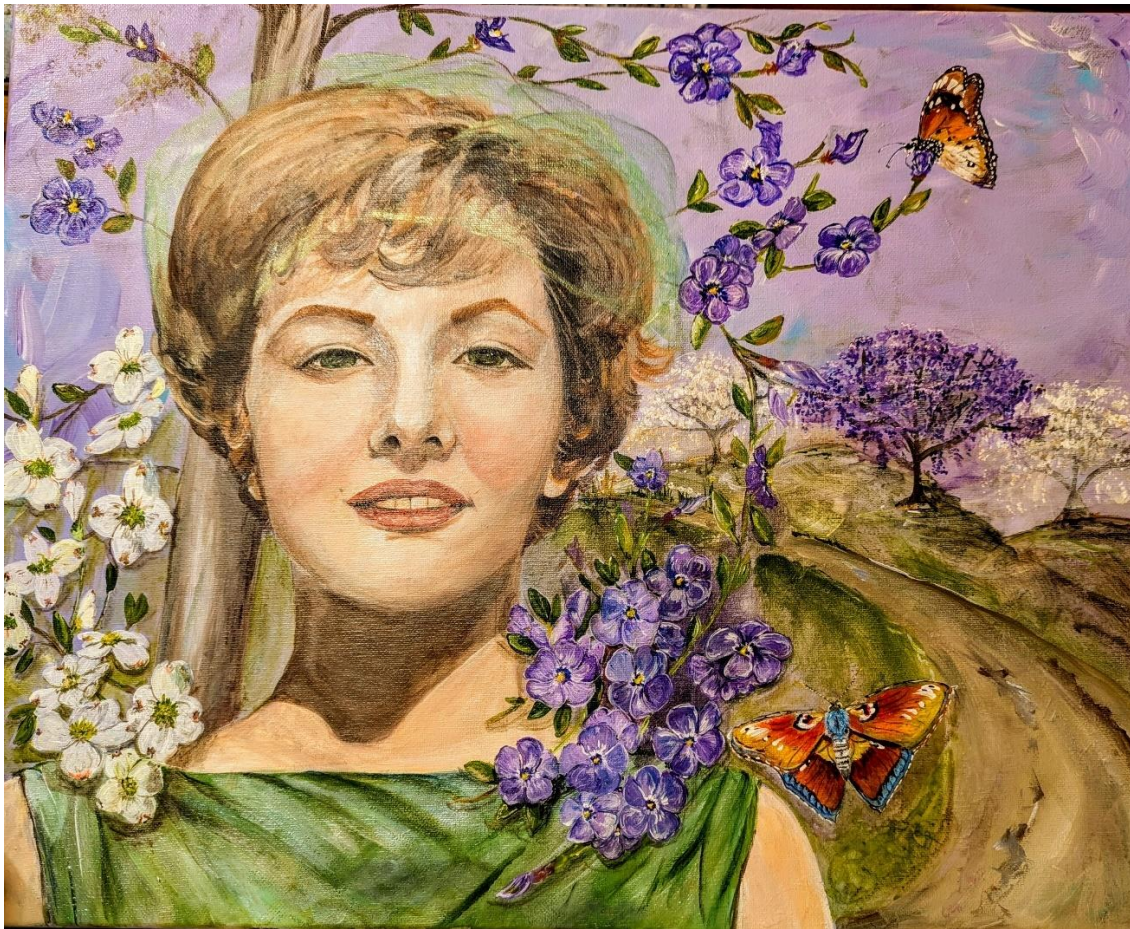
\* \* \*





## Portrait of Elizabeth

By Spilly the Always Reinventive Gypsy



This is My Special interpretation Portrait of my favorite neighbor Elizabeth for her Birthday at the end of this Month. This was taken from a favorite picture of hers when she was younger, and I incorporated her favorite color purple and butterflies just for her.



## Community Nest Building

By Sri

There are numerous species of animals from insects all the way up to elephants, both on land and in water, that build nests for breeding and sheltering and living in.

A nest can be as simple as a scraping away of debris on the ground as in a pheasant or rabbit's nest. Or it can be complicated and intricate such as beehives, ants' nests, and termite mounds.



Some nests are actually stitched together after the birds poke holes in the leaves and then sew spider webbing or other material through the holes to make an enclosed leaf nest as in the case of Tailor birds.



During my research I found the 122 species of weaver birds and their nests woven into long cup or funnel shapes topped with a protective canopy to be amazing.







Of these many weaver birds the nests of the African Sociable Weaver birds are most amazing.





Their nests can be 20 feet wide and 10 feet tall, weighing up to a ton or more and can contain over 100 chambers under one roof. One nest can house up to 400 birds. Some of these nests can be over a century old, passing from one generation to the next.



“When building the nest, sociable weavers use different materials for different purposes. Large twigs form the roof of the nest and dry grasses create the separate chambers. Sharp spikes of straw protect the entrance tunnels from predators. Nesting chambers are lined from top to bottom with soft plant material, fur, cotton, and fluff. A proper nesting tree has a long, smooth trunk and high branches to discourage slithering predators such as Cape cobras and boomslangs, a type of tree snake.” <https://animals.sandiegozoo.org/animals/sociable-weaver#:~:text=There%20may%20be%205%20to,different%20materials%20for%20different%20purposes>.





The nests serve as homes not just to sociable weaver birds, but also to other species of birds and taxa of animals.



Pied Barbet



Red-headed Finch



Rosy-faced Lovebird



Ashy Tit



Familiar Chat





Many animals use their rooftops as roosting or resting places or as platforms on which to build their own nests.



The bottom of the nests almost resemble beehives.





Birds in residence in a sociable weaver bird nest do not use this nest solely for breeding but live in there their whole lives. The nests are built to protect the inhabitants from extreme heat and cold of the Kalahari desert.



In closing, I must give honorable mention to another species of bird that is an amazing nest builder, the barn swallow. On our farm in upstate New York when I was a child I used to love watching the barn swallows build the nests on our buildings, using mud. And then to see the little chicks' heads sticking out with their huge mouths delighted me so. I respect any business locally that allows these lovely birds to do their nesting thing seasonally every year. 2 that I know of that do so are Weed Post Office and Mount Shasta Mercy Hospital. Here is a photo I took this year outside the hospital cafeteria in Mount Shasta.







Here is a site I found about the cliff swallows in Redding.

<https://shastabirdingsociety.org/reddings-miracle-of-the-swallows/>







## Sorrow

By Stained

<https://music.youtube.com/watch?v=DcYAnQctEOU&si=8lghKgsCyFgDGxxf>

Stained is a great band!  
This song is called Epiphany.  
My former partner had sent me this song he thought  
Would describe to me the things that went on inside his head.  
This song couldn't be closer.  
Sometimes within myself I understand.  
I didn't really realize it until after he died.  
He always felt that it was raining inside his head  
And there was no one or nothing  
That could help him.  
He always felt trapped within himself



## Ethan's Corners

By Stephen

Ethan's apartment wasn't just a living space—it was a landscape of carefully crafted nests, each one serving a different purpose. To anyone else, it might seem like a jumble of electronics and clutter, but to Ethan, every corner had its own rhythm, a place where he could retreat into the world he understood best.

The first nest was his "Gaming Nest." This was the heart of his sanctuary. His PC setup dominated the corner of the room, complete with a custom-built tower, a mechanical keyboard that clicked with every keystroke, and a triple-monitor display that wrapped around him like a command center. The soft glow of RGB lights spilled from the case, casting hues of blue and purple on the wall. This nest was where Ethan found focus, diving into virtual worlds where every move and every action was under his control. Here, he could escape the unpredictability of the real world and immerse himself in games that rewarded strategy, skill, and precision.

Just a few steps away was his "Chill Nest" in the bedroom. This space was designed for comfort and decompression, centered around his bed, which was more like a cocoon of pillows and weighted blankets. At the foot of the bed sat his TV, hooked up to a DVD player, an old gaming console, and a streaming box. Ethan loved curling up here after a long day, watching his favorite movies or rewatching classic anime series that never failed to bring him peace. The shelves next to his bed held a mix of DVDs, Blu-rays, and books. When the screen wasn't on, he'd grab a novel or comic, letting the stories pull him into another reality, one page at a time. Reading in this nest felt like time slowed down, and the outside world faded into the background.

His "Work Nest" was a stark contrast to the others—a place of order and productivity. This corner was where Ethan's career as a software engineer came to life. His desk was meticulously organized, with dual monitors angled perfectly for coding, a separate keyboard that felt just right under his fingers, and a notebook where he scribbled down algorithms and ideas. The room's quiet hum came from the server he'd built himself, tucked neatly under the desk. When he was in this nest, his mind clicked into a different gear—sharp, logical, and relentless. Here, he could take the tangled mess of thoughts in his head and channel them into lines of code that made sense, turning chaos into something useful.

And then there was his "Quiet Nest" by the window—a small armchair surrounded by bookshelves. This nest wasn't about screens or technology; it was about retreating into the world of words. The chair was worn from countless hours of reading, its fabric soft and inviting. When he needed to disconnect from both his digital and work worlds, Ethan would sit here with a book in his hands, letting the quiet moments of solitude calm his mind. The sunlight streaming through the window lit up the pages, and in those moments, he could lose himself in stories that were as vivid and unpredictable as his own thoughts.

Ethan's friends sometimes joked about how he compartmentalized his life into these different spaces, how he seemed to need a separate corner for every part of himself. But



they didn't see the deliberate care that went into creating each nest. These spaces weren't just about comfort—they were about control, about making the world feel manageable and familiar.

To Ethan, these nests were his lifelines. They allowed him to switch gears, to move between focus and relaxation, creation and escape, without ever losing his sense of self. Each nest held its own purpose, its own role in keeping the noise of the world at bay. And in this apartment, surrounded by his carefully built havens, Ethan knew that no matter how chaotic life got, he always had a place to come back to—a place where he was safe, grounded, and utterly, completely himself.

\* \* \*



## A Brother's Battle

By stillsurviving 2021

We were two peas in a pod, my brother and I. We'd shared secrets, dreams, and even the same favorite color. But life, as it often does, decided to test our bond in a way neither of us could have anticipated.

My health began to decline first, his followed shortly after. A diagnosis that was both unexpected and terrifying. We both fought, our spirit's as resilient as ever, but his body weakening with each passing day. I felt helpless, a spectator to a battle he was. Endlessly waging.

I tried to be strong for him, to offer comfort and support all the while I had been battling my own health. But deep down, I was terrified. The thought of losing him was almost unbearable. Yet, I held onto hope, clinging to the belief that he would pull through. And we both would conquer our health battles.

But hope, as it turns out, can only carry you so far. One evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in hues of orange and purple, my brother's fight came to an end. The news was a devastating blow, a shock that sent me reeling.

In the days and weeks that followed, I found myself adrift in a sea of grief. Depression and anxiety crept into my life, casting long, dark shadows over everything. The world seemed muted, devoid of color and joy. I missed my brother's laughter, his teasing, his presence.

I struggled to find solace, to find a way to cope with the loss. But as time passed, I began to realize that healing was a journey, not a destination. It would take time, patience, and a lot of courage. And though the pain would never truly disappear, I knew that I would find a way to carry on, honoring my brother's memory by conquering my battles with health and living my life to the fullest.



A picture that I thought best described my brother in spiritual form as he loved to wear hoodies and a beanie cap.





## Quilted Creations

By Stitches in the Wind



1. Titled "Autumn Stars". It is an orphaned project from someone in my quilting group. Will have another black border and star blocks in the corners
2. Titled "Floored" quilt pattern. Pattern is "Floored" by Kristin Rauch of Wooly Petals. It is made for a friend using green, gold, and cream fabrics were from my mother in law.



## Bumpass Hell Over Look

By Tasha



There was a cowboy named Kendall Bumpass who was working in the 1860s. who helped discover the area, but lost his leg after his foot broke through the crust he was walking on. The observable volcanism at Bumpass Hell clearly demonstrates that Lassen Volcanic National Park is still an active region.

\* \* \*

**Canned Poetry #5643**

By Tawnya

I sometimes find it painful to be brilliant, yet  
So dumb.  
My mind can do a million things, but  
Common sense won't come.  
A genius and a dipshit, a spectacle,  
A freak.  
The strongest woman that I know, and yet  
I'm still so weak.  
Faced murderers in prison, isolation,  
Rape and pain.  
Yet the thought of making business calls strikes  
Terror in my brain.  
I often rattly my own cage  
Scratching at the walls.  
I race myself to danger to feel  
Anything at all.  
Nice doctors give it pretty names  
Depression, ADD  
Substance Use Disorder,  
Dopamine deficiency.  
Call the demons what you like  
I don't think they will hear  
"try this," "drive there," "buy that,"  
"here, hold my beer."  
Now I'm called, "too loud," "too fast,"  
"too much."  
Perhaps, my loves, the answer is  
You're simply not enough.



## "Nesting" For Inner Healing & Growth

By The Angel Lady

When I think about "Nesting", the topic for this month, I think of it as one of the most self-healing and nurturing things I do for myself on a regular basis. Not only in the winter but all year round. Somewhere along the way, I felt quite wounded by people that I had trusted. A large percentage of people, and the circumstances that were connected with them left me feeling betrayed and traumatized.

I went from being an outgoing, enthusiastic and social person, to a person who preferred to stay home and keep to myself. I felt very protective of myself and felt the need to focus on feeling calm, safe and cozy.

I became very introspective and did healing and soothing things that helped me a lot. I needed this very much as I felt debilitated by stress and anxiety. And also depression, especially because I had suppressed unpleasant emotions. I replayed in my mind over and over the unpleasant things that happened that had traumatized me. And I was isolating myself from people.

I also had the experience that when I did need to go out and get things done and came across people, I would often find the interactions disappointing which further confirmed to me that I needed to continue to insulate myself from the world and go within myself to find what I needed.

What helped me very much, and was a kind of life line for me, was a synergy of doing these things together at the same time: relaxing, doing breath work along with guided meditations on YouTube. I utilized videos there that were geared towards deep relaxation, breath work and healing. Also for deeper sleep at night, and even during the day, as part of healing on deep, subconscious levels and finding a sense of peace.

Someone who I consider to be the best is Michael Sealey. His voice is so velvety, calming and soothing. What he says and how he says it is so pleasant and comforting. He is able to guide people into the most relaxed, deep state of healing sleep. In the sleep state, the positive things he says can clear old, outmoded programming that no longer serves you, and can bring out your highest positive potential. And help to have an attitude adjustment.

Another person I found to be very helpful for me, to find such comfort, soothing and healing is Pura Rasa. Her voice is so kind, loving and sweet and what she says is so perfect in whatever she is focusing on. Whether it be healing, relaxation, sleep, connecting with angels and guides.

Both of these people have many various videos to choose from and I will list here one of my favorites from each of them. I highly recommend going to their YouTube channels and checking out their many offerings. All are available to use repeatedly for free. What a blessing!





Michael Sealey

1). Lucid Dreaming For Deep Healing

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YspqXWK8wNc&t=1575s>

Pura Rasa

1). Spirit of Your Comfort

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_VLCSw55DN4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_VLCSw55DN4)

I have found that doing at least any one of the guided healing meditations per day or evening, makes a very positive input into my subconscious and I can see the positive effects. There are many to choose from and it is fun to find out which ones have the most positive effects for you personally. And it is time well spent while nesting as you will have actual results that you can't get from just "vegging out" watching Netflix for example.

Well, winter is here, and a great opportunity to go on an inner journey of discovery, healing and growth. Far from the hustle and bustle, noise and complexity. Into a world of deep comfort and peace. May we all be blessed with inner peace this coming winter.



"Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside awakes". -Carl Jung-



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